

The Midland

VOLUME VI

GLENNIE, ALCONA COUNTY
MICHIGAN

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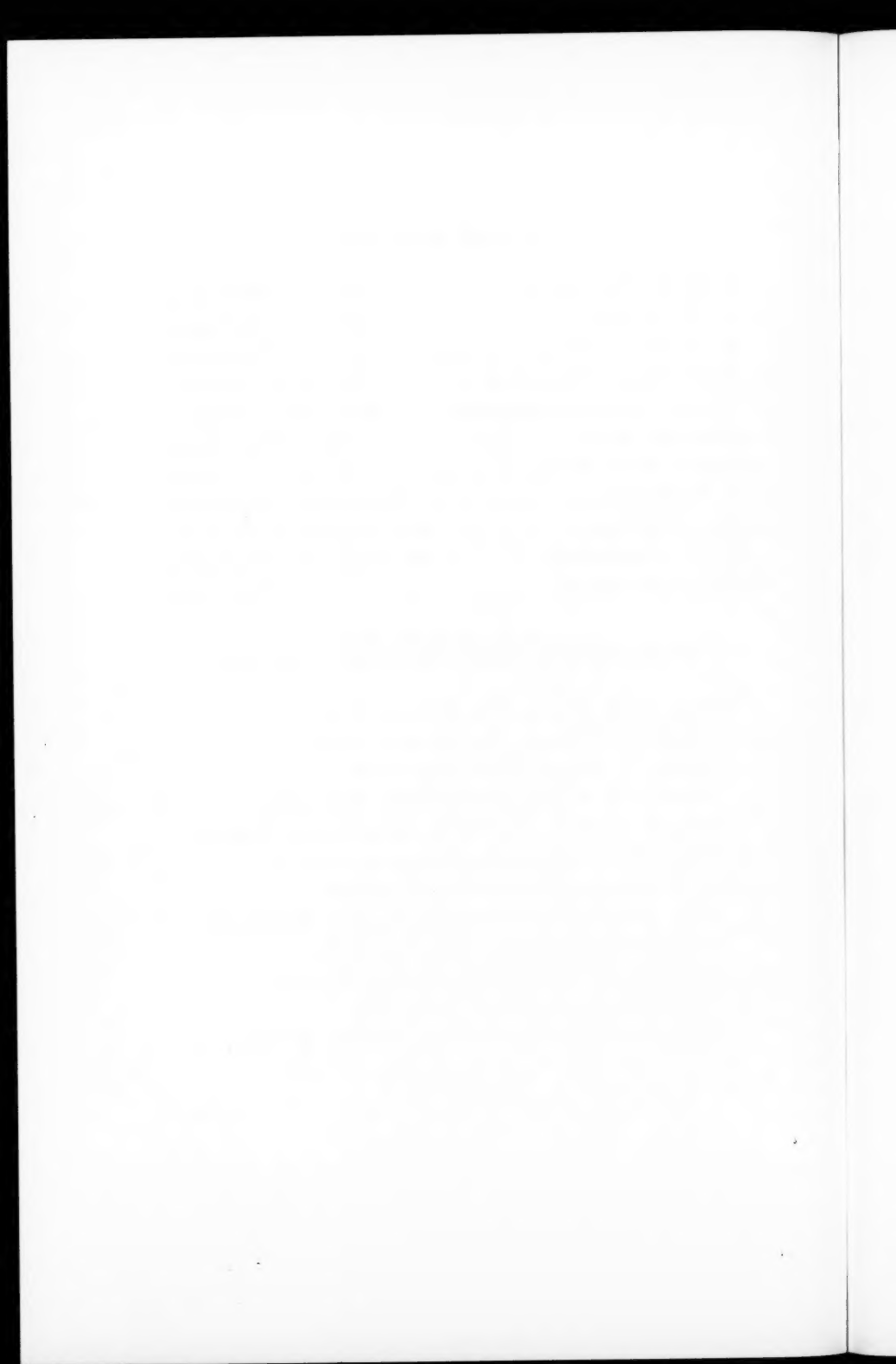
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INDEX TO VOLUME VI

| | |
|--|-----|
| <i>Achievement</i> , JASPER BARNETT COWDIN, | 156 |
| <i>After Five Years</i> , | 1 |
| <i>After Music</i> , MARIE EMILIE GILCHRIST, | 137 |
| BELLAMANN, H. H., <i>Concert Pictures</i> , | 41 |
| <i>Birthplace</i> , | 62 |
| <i>Three Poems</i> , | 153 |
| <i>Birthplace</i> , H. H. BELLAMANN, | 62 |
| <i>Brothers</i> , R. O'GRADY, | 7 |
| BROWNELL, AGNES MARY, <i>The Cure</i> , | 138 |
| CASSEL, MIRIAM, <i>Reflected Fires</i> , | 88 |
| <i>Comforters</i> , MAY WYON LANGEBEK, | 6 |
| <i>Concert Pictures</i> , H. H. BELLAMANN, | 41 |
| <i>Country Funeral</i> , A. FLORENCE KILPATRICK MIXTER, | 174 |
| COWDIN, JASPER BARNETT, <i>Achievement</i> , | 156 |
| CREW, HELEN COALE, <i>The Parting Genius</i> , | 95 |
| <i>Crickets</i> , ALICE PINIFER, | 104 |
| <i>Cure</i> , The, AGNES MARY BROWNELL, | 138 |
| DARK MUSIC, CLIFFORD FRANKLIN GESSLER, | 60 |
| <i>Dissipation</i> , EMA S. HUNTING, | 47 |
| DRESBACH, GLENN WARD, <i>To a River Near the Desert</i> , | 92 |
| <i>Song</i> , | 127 |
| <i>Songs While the Prairie Whispers</i> , | 178 |
| <i>Dressing Up</i> , FLORENCE KILPATRICK MIXTER, | 59 |
| <i>Drigsby's Universal Regulator</i> , HOWARD MUMFORD JONES, | 157 |
| ELDRIDGE, PAUL, <i>Two Poems</i> , | 200 |
| FANTASY, WILLIAM JOHNSTON, | 201 |
| <i>Ford at Saskatoon</i> , The, LEYLAND HUCKFIELD, | 57 |
| FRAIKEN, WANDA I., <i>The Rubber-Tired Buggy</i> , | 105 |
| <i>From a Gardener to a Potter</i> , LEYLAND HUCKFIELD, | 91 |
| <i>Gate</i> , The, H. H. BELLAMANN, | 154 |
| GESSLER, CLIFFORD FRANKLIN, <i>Two Poems</i> , | 60 |
| GILCHRIST, MARIE EMILIE, <i>After Music</i> , | 137 |

| | |
|---|-----|
| GLAENZER, RICHARD BUTLER, <i>The Real Pachyderm</i> , | 176 |
| HALL, CAROLYN, <i>Presage</i> , | 177 |
| HALVERSON, DELBERT M., <i>Leaves in the Wind</i> , | 28 |
| HENDERSON, ROSE, <i>Tewa Corn Dance</i> , | 231 |
| HOLBROOK, WEARE, <i>The Middle Years</i> , | 40 |
| HOLDEN, RAYMOND, <i>Three Poems</i> , | 3 |
| HUCKFIELD, LEYLAND, <i>The Ford at Saskatoon</i> , | 57 |
| <i>Three Poems</i> , | 89 |
| HUNTING, EMA S., <i>Dissipation</i> , | 47 |
| <i>The Soul That Sinneth</i> , | 128 |
| IMRIE, WALTER McLAREN, <i>Remembrance</i> , | 182 |
| <i>In the Street</i> , LOUISE TOWNSEND NICHOLL, | 26 |
| <i>Iris Flower</i> , ALICE PINIFER, | 104 |
| JENNEY, FLORENCE G., <i>Sonnet</i> , | 25 |
| JOHNSTON, WILLIAM, <i>Sketch</i> , | 56 |
| <i>Fantasy</i> , | 201 |
| JONES, HOWARD MUMFORD, <i>They That Dwell in Shadow</i> , | 24 |
| <i>Driggsby's Universal Regulator</i> , | 157 |
| JOOR, HARRIET, <i>'Toinette Sketches</i> , | 189 |
| <i>Lad on the Snowy Slope</i> , CHANDLER TRIMBLE, | 94 |
| LANGEBEK, MAY WYON, <i>Comforters</i> , | 6 |
| <i>Seven</i> , | 64 |
| <i>Leaves in the Wind</i> , DELBERT M. HALVERSON, | 28 |
| <i>Lure of Light</i> , LEYLAND HUCKFIELD, | 90 |
| <i>Man with the Good Face</i> , The, FRANK LUTHER MOTT, | 202 |
| <i>Middle Years</i> , The, WEARE HOLBROOK, | 40 |
| MILLER, NELLIE BOURGET, <i>Truancy</i> , | 199 |
| MIXTER, FLORENCE KILPATRICK, <i>Dressing Up</i> , | 59 |
| <i>A Country Funeral</i> , | 174 |
| <i>Moonlight</i> , H. H. BELLAMANN, | 155 |
| MOTT, FRANK LUTHER, <i>The Man with the Good Face</i> , | 202 |
| <i>Mountains</i> , PAUL ELDRIDGE, | 200 |
| NICHOLL, LOUISE TOWNSEND, <i>In the Street</i> , | 26 |

INDEX

vii

| | |
|--|-----|
| O'GRADY, R., <i>Brothers</i> , | 7 |
| <i>Parting Genius, The</i> , HELEN COALE CREW, | 95 |
| PINIFER, ALICE, <i>Two Poems</i> , | 104 |
| <i>Presage</i> , CAROLYN HALL, | 177 |
| <i>Real Pachyderm, The</i> , RICHARD BUTLER GLAENZER, | 176 |
| <i>Reflected Fires</i> , MIRIAM CASSEL, | 88 |
| <i>Remembrance</i> , WALTER McLAREN IMRIE, | 182 |
| <i>Requiescat in Pace</i> , CLARK ASHTON SMITH, | 46 |
| <i>Rubber-Tired Buggy, The</i> , WANDA I. FRAIKEN, | 105 |
| <i>Seven</i> , MAY WYON LANGEBEK, | 64 |
| <i>Sketch</i> , WILLIAM JOHNSTON, | 56 |
| SMITH, CLARK ASHTON, <i>Requiescat in Pace</i> , | 46 |
| <i>Song</i> , GLENN WARD DRESBACH, | 127 |
| <i>Songs While the Prairie Whispers</i> , GLENN WARD DRESBACH, | 178 |
| <i>Sonnet</i> , FLORENCE G. JENNEY, | 25 |
| <i>Soul That Sinneth, The</i> , EMA S. HUNTING, | 128 |
| <i>Stirrings</i> , CLIFFORD FRANKLIN GESSLER, | 61 |
| <i>Tewa Corn Dance</i> , ROSE HENDERSON, | 231 |
| <i>They that Dwell in Shadow</i> , HOWARD MUMFORD JONES, | 24 |
| <i>Three Poems</i> , H. H. BELLAMANN, | 153 |
| <i>Three Poems</i> , RAYMOND HOLDEN, | 3 |
| <i>Three Poems</i> , LEYLAND HUCKFIELD, | 89 |
| <i>To a River Near the Desert</i> , GLENN WARD DRESBACH, | 92 |
| <i>'Toinette Sketches</i> , HARRIET JOOR, | 189 |
| TRIMBLE, CHANDLER, <i>Lad on the Snowy Slope</i> , | 94 |
| <i>Truancy</i> , NELLIE BOURGET MILLER, | 199 |
| <i>Two Poems</i> , PAUL ELDRIDGE, | 200 |
| <i>Two Poems</i> , CLIFFORD FRANKLIN GESSLER, | 60 |
| <i>Two Poems</i> , ALICE PINIFER, | 104 |
| <i>When You Have Dreamed Your Dream</i> , LEYLAND HUCKFIELD, | 89 |
| <i>Wisdom</i> , PAUL ELDRIDGE, | 200 |

The Midland

A MAGAZINE OF THE MIDDLE WEST

VOL. VI JANUARY-FEBRUARY-MARCH NOS. 1-2-3

After Five Years

When *THE MIDLAND* was founded, there was not, as there is not now, any other general literary magazine published between the Alleghenies and the Rockies. The founders were of this region and believed in its worth for humanity. In its life they saw elements of wholesomeness and charm. The people of the region are readers. Some of them have written well; but these have had to seek publication away from their home. A result has seemed to be a tendency to false emphasis, distortion, in literary interpretations. For example, literature has not known the silent cow-boy who has done hard work on the Plains. New England or California or Scotland might have been less adequately and helpfully interpreted if London had selected all writings in English that were to appear in print. The publisher and the editors of *THE MIDLAND* hope that their familiarity with the life of their neighbors may be helpful to good writers whose interpretations are true. To this degree *THE MIDLAND* was and is sectional. Probably it is not more sectional than other

magazines; probably its isolation makes it more conscious of sectionalism.

If THE MIDLAND had sought the financial rewards of popularity, its endeavor toward service would inevitably have been compromised. Its supporters might have found their way easier and more luxurious, but their magazine would have been superfluous. Satisfactory financial returns have seemed possible more than once if THE MIDLAND had become an organ. In a world of advertisers, its advertising pages remain as you see them, and its list of subscribers is comparable. Sacrifice and hardship sustain THE MIDLAND, but it brings rewards in treasure beyond price. The treasure includes friends; it includes freedom, a blessed thing, granted by good Saint Francis and his gracious Lady Poverty.

Aristotle, master of those who know, has told us that the act of the unfree is without significance. Freedom from endeavor for popularity or wealth has given THE MIDLAND opportunities beyond its early hopes. Writers of merit, wherever their homes, have welcomed release of their best from the standards of the market. Readers of the best have found no page of THE MIDLAND negligible. Consultations with writers and readers have been frequent; it is a result of these consultations that THE MIDLAND has continued. Service by and to a region is now no less an ideal; but larger service to the fine art of literature is sought increasingly. The judgment of the editors is fallible, but it is free. The act of the unfree is without significance.

THE MIDLAND remains purely literary, avoiding treatises and polemic. In America, the fact and the argument have their hearing and their reward. If writers have knowledge to communicate or theses to maintain, opportunity abounds. Whatever the value of the letter, the Spirit is not negligible safely. Argument leads to argument, to division, more commonly than to decision, unity. Burning issues, such as the form of the tonsure, the date of Easter, transubstantiation, the manner of baptism, the free coinage of silver, are commonly not decided but outgrown. Theology divides, religion unifies. All civilization may assent to Adeste Fideles or Amiens, artistic expressions of religion, of the Spirit. THE MIDLAND is not a forum. The forum is useful; it has the center of the city and is adorned in splendor. THE MIDLAND would be a wayside shrine.

Three Poems

By RAYMOND HOLDEN

THOMPSON STREET

There is a world of peace in the swift thought
That when the plenty of my flesh is dust
And mingles with some little wandering gust
In alleys such as this, what life once taught
My soul of laughter learned in turn of tears,
Will be companioned by transmuted hearts
That once were part of teamsters driving carts
Down streets unquiet as this, as full of fears.

TWO WORLDS

The bay-buoy rings from the ripple of the tide
Strange metal music for ships undismayed, —
Smeared ships inaudible as gulls that glide
Down failing winds of wistful hours that fade.

Wind from the South at sunset. Wind from the
 sea,
And sails before the wind, golden and gray.
Strong music swept from stone and sand and tree
By hands invisibly drawn swiftly away.

Music which asks no strain of listening ear
Nor fervent rapture flooding blood and bone;
Music of things inseparably near,
Music of animate heaven singing alone.

Alone in a multitude of presences,
Events, and acts, whose orbits mark the world
Of men forever out of tune with trees
And winds and wandering birds and waters
 hurled.

TO THE DEAD

New Year's Eve 1919

We have not kept the faith, and will you know?
Under the cold calm of unhappy snow
Troubled by feet that still have ways to go?
We have not matched your quiet enterprise,
We have not dared to put earth from our eyes.
Forgive us, you who have the earth for skies.
Tremble you flesh that has found station there
Under the frenzy of the world's despair,
Tremble with joy at the mold in your bloody hair!
The new year leaps from the black bones of the old
Into a gala night of manifold
Whistles and bells and gay hearts careless of cold.
We have the torn world to let fall or lift,
We, who steal hot-eyed glances at the shift
Of passionate shoulders and the burning drift
Of flesh-fires among fellow celebrants.
Forgive us, you whose flesh is done with wants.
We are too much our own inhabitants.

Comforters

By MAY WYON LANGEBEK

And they have stripped your slender fingers bare,
Left not a single jewel glowing there
To comfort you, who always loved them so!
You love them still and need them still, I know;
So, first, I place the purple amethyst
Upon the pale slim hand that I have kissed
So jealously, from finger-tip to wrist,
Once and again, lest any spot I'd missed.
(For all it lies so still, its creamy whiteness
Pierces the shaded twilight room with brightness.)
The sapphire next; I used to say its splendor
Would match your eyes, if they were not so tender!
And the pearl, for those sad secret tears you wept,
Whose traces I kissed softly as you slept;

The cameo, that always made me think
Of your small finger-nail's faint rosy pink;
And the tawny topaz; ah, I saw you linger
Over the cabinet, and wistfully finger
The velvet case, when you thought I looked away!
And the emerald, green as that Kentish copse in
May.

The Burmah ruby last — your dearest dower,
Token of our divinest, deathless hour.
"Not life nor death can part us," you said then.
"Not life nor death," I answered you again.
The ruby's fervent flame, the ruby's light,
Shall go with you upon your way tonight,
Lest you should wander lonely in that land,
Uncomforted, and seeking for my hand.

Brothers

By R. O'GRADY

Old William Greer returned from town wearing a new fur coat with a warm high collar that reached above his ears. He took it off, hung it on a peg by the kitchen door and bent his stalwart shoulders over the cook stove to warm his face and hands.

"Cold weather, for this time o' year," he observed in a husky voice, to his wife, Althea, who, with the painful effort of age, was preparing supper.

With one hand on her hip, Althea hobbled across the room.

"It's only what you can expect by the fu'st of November," she grunted, as she began to turn the sputtering meat in the skillet. Then she paused to glance up at her husband with deeply wrinkled, dark eyes. "I s'pose you done well on the cattle?" As she spoke she jerked her head almost imperceptibly in the direction of the new fur coat.

William Greer nodded until his white beard shook. "Couldn't-a shipped the critters at a luckier time," he declared with husky exultation.

After he had rubbed his chilled palms to a glow over the crackling cook stove, he crossed the room to where the new fur coat was hanging and took from the pocket a bundle of papers. From these he extracted a bank book, which he laid upon the oil-cloth covered supper table by the window.

Althea took up the bacon and boiled potatoes, and they sat down to eat.

As soon as she had dragged up her chair and painfully lowered herself into it, she reached for the bank book, puckering her eyes to look at the fresh group of figures inscribed there beneath a long column of similarly large amounts.

"Forty-two hundred!" she breathed — "Forty-two hundred!"

The old man glanced up quickly from his plate. His lurking smile lent to his faded eyes a more vivid blueness.

Althea did not smile. Distraughtly she crushed her steaming potato and dressed it sparingly with grease from the meat platter. Presently she laid down her fork and looked out the window, across level, rich fields, to a clump of evergreens that all but hid the gleaming white paint of a new farm house.

"Johnny, too — I s'pose he bought himself a new fur coat — ?" the question was brought out quaveringly, with that almost imperceptible jerk of the head in the direction of the new garment hanging by the kitchen door — "and like as not, a batch of gewgaws for Amy?"

The old man looked steadily at his plate and kept eating hungrily. When he had taken the edge from his appetite, he drew forth a faded blue polka-dot handkerchief, wiped his white mustache and settled back in his chair.

"There's a long hard winter comin' on," he began

in a gruff, argumentative tone. "Doc Wilson says I'll be dead 'gin spring if I don't dress warm or stay in the house — This asthmy of mine — The coat, Doc said I'd haf-to get it." He ran his fingers through his long white beard, and concluded more easily: "You sec, Ma, I got to be out. I can't put all the business on Johnny."

"Um-m-m," assented Althea. "I wouldn't-a trusted him to buy the coat. Seems like he don't know any limit to spendin' money since he got married. . . . How much 'd it cost?"

William Greer bent quickly over his plate again.

"I ain't checked up yet with Johnny," he mumbled as he resumed his supper by taking a huge bite of bread.

Althea flashed her husband a questioning look of her deep, dark eyes and pushed away her plate.

"Some mail," he announced presently, in a mild, conciliatory voice.

Having pushed back from the table, he fitted on a pair of steel rimmed spectacles and picked out from his budget of papers a small limp envelope, already opened with a jagged tear.

Althea reached out and took the letter. The pages fluttered in her shaking, knotted hands while she squinted over the final signature.

"Mart Greer!" she sharply exclaimed — "Your brother Mart — What's he wan — What's he writin' to you for?"

"Well, he ain't complainin' o' nothin'," answered William. "He's just writin' to say — "

"Ain't complainin' o' nothin'!" Althea Greer lifted her chin and strained forward her withered neck in the manner of a turtle that had been annoyed. "Why ain't he complainin'?" Marthy White told me she had a letter from Elsie, the granddaughter he lives with, and she says they lost pretty nigh all their crops this year."

"Eh — ? Marthy White told you that?" the old man wondered, while his big-jointed fingers trembled in his long white beard. "W'y, he didn't complain' o' nothin' — Only wrote to say he's comin' a-visitin' us."

"A-visitin' — ? When — ? What for — ?" Althea dropped her hands in her lap, heavily crushing the letter — "What's he comin' way back here for — at his age!"

The old man lifted his shaggy gray brows. "Mart? — He's two years younger than me. But he said" — slowly he reached out for the letter and scanned it through his steel-rimmed spectacles. The room was growing too dark for him to make out the penciled words. "Mart said," he recollected laboriously, "Mart said something 'bout how he wanted to see us . . . something 'bout him and me both gettin' old, and how it would be for the last time . . . or the like o' that . . ."

"Umph!" With a sniff, and a movement of unwonted but labored alacrity, Althea got to her feet. She lighted a small dingy lamp and brought it to the table. "Spendin' all he's got for a railroad ticket!" she deplored as she cleared away the dishes.

"Just like 'em. His wife, Lizzie, paid out all they had a-doctorin'—then died. . . . They always was like that. . . . Sold their farm, too. . . . Et that up a-doctorin' . . ."

William Greer still sat near the supper table, combing his fingers through his long white beard, which looked whiter and whiter as darkness grew in the room.

"A Kansas farm in them times wouldn't go very far agin' doctors' bills, I guess," he observed, huskily, out of the silence that had fallen.

"Didn't Mart have a chance," argued Althea as she drained the steaming teakettle into her dishpan, "didn't he have a chance to buy good land of the gov'ment, for little or nothin', the same as you?"

"You're right he did," admitted William, "Jest as good land as ever lay in the sun. But Mart wouldn't stick—Thought he had to tag 'long with his wife's folks, I guess. . . . W'y, yes, you're right—jest as good land as ever lay" The old man turned his head slowly to look out the window into the October darkness gently folding down upon his level fields.

For a time he looked and looked, unseeingly. At last he drew a long sigh, and with sudden energy, jerked his chair up to the oil cloth-covered table, moved the dingy lamp closer to his elbow and spread out his packet of papers.

When, a little later, his son, "Johnny," came in—a stalwart young farmer with cheeks ruddy from the frosty air—the two began without preliminary

to check up their accounts. Slowly and with many recapitulations they labored until every penny the son had paid out during his trip with the load of stock, was accounted for and all the papers disposed of.

When the papers had been carefully put away, the letter from Mart still lay upon the table. Johnny had read it on the way from town with his father. He was planning to haul oats to town on the morrow. He would be there when the train came in and bring Mart out home with him. Oh, that was all right — Johnny grinned tolerantly over the visitation — only, they couldn't have him at their house: Amy was going to render lard, she would be too busy.

The next day when the young man drove by on his way to town, seated aloft on his built-up wagon box, his mother stood in the kitchen door, waiting to intercept him. She had an errand for him. It was eggs. Hoarsely she called to him, and he drew in his reins.

Johnny dropped nimbly down from his high spring seat. He entered the kitchen as Althea came hobbling from the pantry with three more eggs in her hands. It took that many to make out the half case, and it was all she had. The hens weren't laying good now, she complained; they had slacked up because of the freezing weather. Hens didn't hardly pay any more.

Following her son to the door, Althea met her husband who had just come in from the smokehouse, bringing a shiny brown ham.

"You'd better not fetch that, William," she gasped; "the side-meat ain't all used up yet."

William halted in the doorway, looking thoughtfully at the ham.

"I can take the side-meat back to the smokehouse," he finally proposed.

"The side-meat's already cut. It's got to be used. You better take that ham back."

Again William looked consideringly at the nut-brown ham. Then he glanced in the direction of his son's wagon, rumbling down the drive. He seemed about to speak, but finally turned away without a word.

When he re-entered the house, Althea was poking at the embers of the kitchen fire. She had drawn an old shawl about her shoulders.

"I'll put a little fire in the room," proposed William, "it's gettin' colder out."

Althea paused, poker in hand, and glanced at the door of "the room" which was always closed. Then she peered up at her husband, her shoulders still bent to her task. "'Tain't cold enough to be messin' up the room with a fire," she told him, and then, stooping for a stick of wood, she added, half to herself: "I'll warrant Mart Greer don't set in the parlor at home."

William said nothing more. He took down his bright-bladed ax and went out to the woodpile glittering with frost in the sun. Off and on, all day, he worked at shifts of chopping, at first with unwonted energy, and then with slowing strokes. His ax was

in his hand every time he went out to look for Johnny's wagon, coming from town. At last he caught sight of the outfit, far across the black plowed land and yellow patches of stubble.

He began to chop with a spurt of renewed energy. Then he struck the ax into the chopping log and started for the house. Before reaching the doorstep he turned back, and when the wagon finally drove into the yard, he was hard at it, making the big chips fly.

The wagon had stopped, and Johnny was helping the visitor, who, with a grunting, comical show of agility, clambered down from the high spring seat.

William dropped his ax and came forward to meet his brother, who stood, blue with cold, his thin coat collar turned up about his nut-cracker chin, smiling a toothless but cheery smile of greeting.

"How-d'ye-do? Will'um!" called Mart in the quavering, high-pitched voice of age.

"How-d'ye-do, Mart!" responded William, as they vigorously shook hands, "*How-d'ye-do!* Come right in the house, Mart — Kind o' chilly ridin'."

"Chilly?—I ain't chilly," croaked Mart.

Johnny led the way to the house, carrying the old man's baggage—a drab, sway-backed telescope—and a few small parcels from the grocery store. But Johnny didn't stay. He must hurry home, he said, to help with the milking.

His mother took care of the tea and sugar he had brought from town before she spoke to the visitor.

"W'y, how-d'ye do, Althy!" shrilled Mart, coming

across the room to her. "W'y, bless me! I'd knowed ye anywheres—Ye ain't changed a particle in nigh on-to thirty years!"

"How-d'ye-do, Mart," returned Althea, shaking hands.

"Jest take a seat by the fire, Mart," supplemented William, placing a chair.

Mart shakily accepted the chair, edging as close as possible to the glowing hearth.

Before Althea had finished her arduous preparation of supper, he had edged many times from one side to the other in a futile attempt to keep out of her way. Finally he laughed outright, in shrill and facetious apology.

"I'm jes' like one of these gol-durn grasshoppers, Althy—always lightin' where ye ain't expectin' me!" And with this he made another move which brought him up against his old drab telescope in the corner by the wood-box. "By gol, Althy," he announced gleefully, "here I am, mighty-nigh forgettin' what I fetched ye'."

Swiftly he got down and untied the piece of clothesline that secured his luggage. There were the remains of a lunch, put up in a stale-smelling shoe-box, a limp tobacco bag, which he handled with reverent care, a faded red handkerchief, a pair of heavy knitted socks and a pale blue woolen scarf. All these he rummaged through before he drew out what he sought.

"Here, Althy!" he squeaked, holding up in his shaking hand a piece of knitted lace, wide, elaborate-

ly wrought and bearing traces of the grime incident to its precarious and labored growth. "See, Althy, I fetched this here from Elsie—for you a founce on your petticoat—or somethin'—She—"

Althea vouchsafed the offering a quick, half-embarrassed look, and resumed the pouring of the tea.

"Supper's ready," she announced dryly, "Set up."

"She's mighty smart, that way—Elsie is," the visitor maundered on. "She—"

"I ain't got a mite o' use for gew-gaws," interrupted Althea, unsteadily passing Mart a cup of tea. "She'd better sent that to Amy."

"Land sakes, Althy! she sent one to Amy—'nother one—near 'nough like to be twins." He floundered away from the table to produce from the telescope a second hand-knitted founce, an exact duplicate of the first, even to the grayish tinge. "For Amy!"—he flourished it aloft—"Elsie's the greatest gal that way—never forgets anybody."

"Well," asserted Althea as she eased herself into her chair, "if I do my work I ain't got time for trimmin's. What with takin' care of chickens and garden and—"

"That's so, Althy," Mart cheerfully agreed. "That's jest what Elsie says—Elsie says, says she, 'Now, if I'd had good luck with the chickens and garden this year I couldn't-a done so much knittin'.' But what the tornado didn't blow away the flood drowned, and Elsie says: 'It's either drou't or flood, gran'paw, but if I can't raise nothin' then I have time to knit'."

Cheerfully the visitor babbled on, while William, impatient of waiting for his brother, filled his own plate from the dish of steaming potatoes, and again urged Mart to "help himself."

"Elsie's a real smart worker, that way," pursued the visitor, while with many drippings from the meat platter, he managed to gravy his plateful of potatoes, "She's a-knittin' me a good warm nuby—jest piece-meal, y' might say—and she says, 'Gran'paw,' says she, 'you can't go to Uncle Will'um's till I get that nuby done—you'll take your death o' cold,' says she, 'seein' you ain't got an overcoat.'

"'G'long!' says I. 'You talk like it was the middle of January, when it's only the fu'st of November,' says I. 'Besides, I ain't the freezin' kind'."

Pausing for a mouthful, Mart winked boastfully at his brother.

"That's what I told her, but there was nothin' for it, but she'd give me her own nuby to take along—that sky-blue one in my satchell—to pertect my chest!"

The visitor chuckled, a tremulous, high-pitched chuckle of deprecation.

William Greer rested his knife and fork and frowned slightly at his plate. Althea kept stirring her tea.

As soon as they had emptied their plates, the two men drew up to the fire, while Althea went taciturnly about her augmented task of washing dishes for three.

For a time Mart Greer followed her movements with dazed and childish eyes. Then he furtively produced a blackened clay pipe and some loose tobacco from his pocket.

"Smoke—? Will'um?" he queried, as his brother handed him a lighted cinder from the hearth.

For answer William took a small pinch of fine-cut from his pocket and thrust it into his cheek.

"That's my smoke," he chuckled, and the two men lapsed into silence, half veiled by the pungent smoke from Mart's malodorous pipe.

When Althea had finished her dishes, she took up some mending beside the dingy lamp. She had put the old plaid shawl about her shoulders once more, and in wresting it from its peg beside the new fur coat, she had discovered a white bit of something clinging to the fringe. At intervals she would lay aside her mending to strain and pucker her wrinkled dark eyes over the tiny price-tag, which obviously had become detached from the coat. But the first figure—a four or a seven—had been so carelessly marked that she couldn't make it out.

Meantime, Mart sucked the last spark from his reeking pipe, feebly knocked the ashes into the hearth, and gurgled into talk.

"Member the time, Will'um, when we was leetle shavers, that Uncle Ez fetched you the purtiest pair of red-topped boots from town, and you couldn't git your feet in 'em—? and they had to give 'em to me?"

William started drowsily, then grinned behind his white mustache—a comprehending grin.

"I guess I could never forget that time, Mart. I fought like a turk at fu'st. Then I skun out and hid in the gooseberry patch so's I wouldn't haf to see you struttin' about in my new boots!"

"Yes-sir-ee! You couldn't git your big toe in them boots—let alone pullin' 'em off, once you got 'em on You allus was better growed than me, Will'um But you sure did do some sulkin'."

"You're right, Mart, I did the sulkin', but' as I recollect it, you had to do the chores, that night—"

"Yes-sir-ee!—And say, Will'um—'member the time we buried Uncle Ez in the load o' hay—? Eh —? 'Member that?"

For answer, William Greer threw back his head and laughed outright, while Mart, shrilly joining, gleefully slapped his thigh.

Althea glanced up from the patch on William's faded overalls and squinted perturbedly at the men. They were yarning about old times. In old times, men trapped their furs and made their own coats—if they had any Seventy—seventy dollars! Why, that would have bought two good milk cows in the early days—And even forty dollars—She moved her lamp to a new angle and once more picked up the bit of cardboard—It must be a four—But forty dollars! Think what a price to pay for a coat!

As the old men became more and more absorbed in their reminiscences, and Mart's voice rose more shrilly, and William's hearty laugh rang out more frequently, Althea tucked away the little price-tag

and bent morosely to her patching. She did not look up again until William went to the wood-box for a stick of wood.

"You ain't goin' to fix up the fire this late at night, William!" she interposed. Then laboriously getting to her feet to bring a candle from the shelf, she added: "Mart can take the lamp to see to go to bed by."

Though it was with obvious reluctance that the two old men parted for the night, the following evening, after supper, they did not talk. It seemed as if everything had been said. After Mart had smoked his pipe, and knocked the ashes into the hearth, he dropped it into his pocket with a sigh. For a time he sat twiddling his shaky thumbs. Then he said good-night and went to bed.

Soon after breakfast on the third day, he started to take a short-cut across the fields to Johnny's new house, which gleamed whitely through its wind-break of evergreens. He had grown restively eager to take the knitted lace frill to Amy, and his mood was abetted by Althea, who repeatedly encouraged him to go.

About suppertime he came trudging shakily back across the fields. The following morning he fished from his telescope a ragged-edged strip of green paper—the remaining coupon of his round-trip ticket, and asked his brother the time of the train.

Althea insisted that it was no use for William to hitch up and drive the departing visitor to town. Johnny would be going, she said. Johnny could take Uncle Mart on a load of grain.

But the old man said not a word. Doggedly he hitched up his team of glossy bays and put blankets in the wagon.

"Come again sometime, Mart," the old woman repeated mechanically as they shook hands. All the while her look was following her husband, who had gone into "the room," where he kept his locked strong box. She watched him intently, with a questioning look in her dark puckered eyes, when he came out and continued his preparations.

In taking leave, Mart's tongue was loosed once more. He invited Althea to come out to Kansas and make a long visit. He urged her to have Johnny and Amy come.

"Jes' tell 'em to pick up and come!" he squeaked in a final burst of enthusiasm, as he followed William to the door.

The day had suddenly turned cloudy, with a rising northeast wind, and the air was moist with the feel of sleet. William hesitated on the doorstep, and returned to the kitchen, to bring the new fur coat, as though it were an afterthought. But he did not wear it; he used it as an extra robe to cover both of them.

During the trip to town, as they passed, now and then, a big red barn, flanked by a more or less commodious farmhouse, William told Mart the name of the owner. Sometimes he mentioned the price per acre of a particularly rich and fertile tract. The intervening distances were covered in silence, for there was nothing to talk about. William seemed relieved by the diversion afforded by the capers of

his glossy bays. They were a "handful", he remarked rather proudly, for a man of his age.

He hitched them securely at the station, blanketed them, and, having handed out his brother's telescope, took his new fur coat on his arm. Inside the waiting-room a few loafers, and others waiting for the train, had preceded the two old men to the haven of a red-hot stove. William nodded collectively to the group. During the interval until train time he and Mart were sufficiently engrossed in getting warm.

But the west-bound passenger was ten minutes late. Mart kept hold of his baggage, going every few moments to the door to look nervously up the track. When the first faint sound of the whistle came from far away, he hurriedly shook hands.

"Good by, William," he said, with an extra quiver in his cheery, toothless smile. "It — it's the last time, Will'um — we're the only two left, and we're gettin' — "

Mart broke off abruptly, dazedly, and stood staring down at the palm that had met his brother's in shaking hands. Within it lay a crumpled ten-dollar bill. The wrinkled lips began to move again, at first mutely.

"W'y, Will'um, I can't — I didn't expect — " he managed to say, and choked.

Tears were dropping down on the crumpled ten-dollar bill.

"It's all right — keep it, Mart," William whispered hurriedly, "Keep it and buy — buy yourself a good warm — "

But Mart, in his anxiety about boarding the train,

could'tarry no longer. With the handful of others who had been waiting, he crowded to the platform. The engine came grinding in and slowed up with a hiss. A mail bag dropped with a half-empty slap. There was no one to get off, and the brakeman called: "All aboard!"

As soon as his brother, with the bumping drab telescope, had been assisted up the steps, William moved abruptly away. The wind was bitter. It was too cold to stand there after being in the warm waiting-room. He picked up his new fur coat from a bench near the station door and started towards his wagon. Then he hesitated, and turned about.

In the car window Mart motioned and nodded like a cheerful, rusty automaton. With a frantic effort he managed to pull up the sash.

"Good by, Will'um!" he called, waving the hand that still held the crumpled ten-dollar bill.

Down the platform they were loading the last case of eggs into the baggage car. Once more the brakeman called "All aboard!" The bell clanged, the engine began to hiss.

William was no longer looking at his brother. He was staring hard at the new fur coat on his arm.

"Good by, Will'um!" shrilled Mart. "Good by — God bless — " The squeaky farewell was broken off by a terrific jolt of the starting train. Then, suddenly, the smiling old face was eclipsed by something soft and dark.

William caught his balance as the train moved out, just in time to see Mart, in open-mouthed, mute elation, gathering the new fur coat into his lap.

They that Dwell in Shadow

By HOWARD MUMFORD JONES

They that dwell in shadow
Perpetually roam
In leagues of spectral meadow,
By phantom miles of foam.
Their lives are very weary,
And yet they can not die,
Leave their sea-beaches dreary,
Or change that bitter sky.

They that dwell in shadow,
They twitter like dry leaves
In talk along the meadow,
And none is glad, or grieves.
They whisper, whisper only,
And no man, save he dwell
Beside those sea-waves lonely
Knows what it is they tell.

They that dwell in shadow
Are neither good nor bad;
Their hearts are like the meadow,
Monotonous and sad.
The world has died around them,
The skies are blank above:
I happened there and found them —
Their whispers were of love.

